BENEFIT AT THE METROPOLITAN A GREAT SUCCESS.

Not Even the Detail Cop Escaped the Wiles of the Actresses Who Sold Programmes and Flowers-8250 for a Pink-Letter From Joe Jefferson.

There was only one thing to be compared to Joseph Holland's benefit at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afterpoon, said the old timers. That was Lester Wallack's benefit away back in the '80s. When they came to count the returns after ft was over it was discovered that even Lester Wallack's benefit had been outdone, in money at least, for they handed over to Mr. Wallack a matter of \$20,000, while Mr. Holland will receive, after all expenses are paid, at least \$25,000.

It was a great show on the stage; but the greatest show, after all, was going on in the lobbies-a struggle to the death between 100 flower and programme and candy girls, trained in all the lures of stagecraft and dressed like the glories of the dawn, and the money of the audience. The women always won. One step through the door, and the visitor was surrounded by half the beauty of the Rialto. Another step, and they were upon him like cabmen at a country station

Paula Desmond of the Lew Fields company thought that she did pretty well when she held up Victor Herbert for the first carnation on her tray at the rate of \$250. The box office confirmed this report, and Mr. Herbert, when asked about it, showed the carnation for proof. But Hilda Spong did a better job from the standpoint of artistic finish. She held up a cop.

artistic finish. She held up a cop.

Detective Sergeant Fogarty was there in plain clothes, keeping order. As he didn't carry a programme or wear a carnation, he was nailed frequently.

"I am the officer here," Fogarty always responded in his most dignified and official voice. That always stopped them until Miss Spong came along.

"Well, what if you are?" said Miss Spong, smiling her sweetest. "That doesn't prevent you from helping." Fogarty's hand travelled automatically toward his pocket; then, as Miss Spong began to pin a carnathen, as Miss Spong began to pin a carna-tion in his buttonhole, he got control of his muscles and his hand stopped. "Please!" said Miss Spong. Well, say, it was all over with Fogarty. He had the carnation and she had his \$2. The show was going along on the stage

carnation and she had his \$2.

The show was going along on the stage all the time. It ran its course from half past 1 to nearly 6, and it certainly was what the advertisements called it—an aggregation of stars. After a cast from the Lambs Club had burlesqued "The Music Master." Mrs. Leslie Carter did her part by making the first speech of her life, and reading this letter from Joseph Jefferson to his godson, Joseph Holland.

The Reefe.

this Litter from Joseph Jefferson to his godson, Joseph Holland.

The Refer.

Palm Beach, Fla., March 10, 1905.

To Mr. Joseph Jefferson Holland.

My Dear Joe—As I have known you from the hour of your birth up to the present time, it is natural that I should feel deeply interested on the occasion of this most auspicious testimonial.

Your father and I were friends for forty years. He was the merriest soul I ever knew, and the most inveterate practical joker of his time. I now recall an instance when gold-fish were first introduced in one of the public fountains in New York. With many others I had gone to see the then novel sight, when your father appeared in the crowd in full sporting costume—high boots, straw hat and basket, carrying a fishing rod and camp stool. Pushing the crowd aside he cooly sat down and began to angle for the goldfish. The bystanders vigorously remonstrated with lim, but he pretended to be deaf and dumb. A policeman was sent for and your father tried the same deaf and dumb game with him, but he was threatened with being locked up, whereupon the old gentleman recovered his speech and told the officer that he would give him the means to lock him up with, so he reeled in his line, at the end of which was a large bunch of keys. The growd, who by this time had recognized the favorite comedian, roared with laughter and cheered him as he departed. The policeman, I need not say, was dumfounded.

I was requested by your parents to officiat as godfather to Joseph Jefferson Holland. Of course, I consented. I met them at the church, your mother in tears, your father wreathed in smiles; you rebelled at the ceremony, and no wonder, for you were surrounded by enough stiffly starched frills and ruffes to make any young one low spirited.

I, of course, promised to bring you up in the way you should go, and the way you did go was tremendous, for though I brought you up I could never take you down.

go was tremendous, for though I up I could never take you down.

go was tremendous, for though I brought you up I could never take you down.

Our next domestic relations were of a more solemn character. A telegram from your mother announced to me the death of your father. I hastened to town, and taking your brother with me repaired to the church your mother attended, and asked the minister if the funeral could take place from his church. He consented, but when I mentioned that Mr. Holland was an actor, he withdrew his consent. But, he remarked, "there is a little church around the corner where you might get the pastor to bury your friend," to which I replied, "If that is so, then God bless the little church around the corner." And I am glad to say that it has kept its baptismal appellation to this day, and I am glad to know that in the same year I was godfather to yourself and christened the Little Church Around the Corner.

And now, my dear Joe, I feel it must be gratifying for you to know that though through your illness you have fallen by the wayside it has been from no fault of your own, and that thousands, of eager hands have been stretched forth to raise you to happiness and comfort, and believe me, no one rejoices in this more than your, affectionate godfather,

William Gillette, assisted by Ethel Barry-

William Gillette, assisted by Ethel Barrymore and others, performed a burlesque
on his own "Sherlock Holmes." He didn't
say a word from rise to fall of the curtain,
which was part of the burlesque. Miss
Barrymore went out of her class to play
the part of a luvatio. Joe Wahr's stock the part of a lunatic. Joe Weber's stock company presented all of "The College Widower," with the football team from "Strongbeart" helping out in the last scene.

Of the \$25,000 realized, the industrious flower, candy and programme girls turned over about \$4,000.

Last Public Rehearsal of the Season a Wearisome Affair.

afternoon at Carnegie Hall, was one of the most uninteresting concerts that could readily be devised by the mind of man. Between the efforts of the late Abbé Liszt to translate some of the emotions of Goethe's "Faust" into music and those of Gustave Rogel of Frankfort to galvanize himself and the orchestra into a belief in the stuff

and the orchestra into a belief in the stuff
the afternoon came to an end in an area of
low barometric pressure.

The programme consisted of three numbers by Wagner, the "Flying Dutchman"
overture. "Slegfried Idyl" and "Meistersinger" prelude, and the "Faust" symphony of Wagner's distinguished fatherin-law Franz Liszt. Mr. Kogel was brought
back to conduct the concerts originally
allotted to Theodore Thomas. The return
of the director was an unqualified success.
Wherever there was a player in the of the director was an unqualified success. Wherever there was a player in the orchestra who could play worse than any other Mr. Kogel found him and held him up for public inspection. He made a striking exhibition of the wood wind in the "Flying Dutchman" overture and of certain stringed instrument performers in the Liszt

composition.

Of playing out of tune, of scratching and wheezing there was one grand festival. On the other hand, the strings as a body played well and there was any quantity of spirit in the treatment of the two preludes. As for the Liszt symphony, it received all that was due if As for the Liszt sall that was due it.

Such a ireary waste of repetitions without dramatic significance or musical develop-ment is rarely heard. Some persons profess to think that this is great music. If it is, then Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner were entirely wrong in their methods. There was a chorus to wail some sort of

sorrowful ditty about transitory things, which for about the space of an hour it seemed as if this symphony were not. There was also a soloist who wrestled valiantly with some remarks about an ever-lasting soul. This was presumably in-tended for a colorable imitation of Goethe's "Ewig weibliche." But it was all depressing, and therefore let it pass. NEW BOOKS.

Continued from Seventh Page

cherries and the almonds, the pruning of the vines all in their season, the grape parvest in the autumn, when the men gather the fruit in square "tinetas" of wood with rope handles and bear them on their heads to the gayly trapped mules, when the men spread the fruit in the sun on mats of woven grass for three days all in preparation of the great autumn festival; "the treading of the grapes," when Blas and Petra leaped into the great wooden trough together, caught hold of the swinging ropes and, while they trod the fruit to mush, with the vapor of the grapes upon their faces and in their hair, with the juice of the grapes on their hands and feet, exchanged their first long, passionate lovers' kiss. It is a pity to allow the hackneved bullfight and a bloody duel between the brigands to climax this pretty pastoral chronicle, even for the sake of wedding the lovers, who were happy enough in the grape trough, and of giving Blas his rightful title, which he hadn't any use for.

As might have been expected, directly "The Lightning Conductor" and "Molly" settle their own matrimonial affairs satisfactorily they turn their attention to arranging a suitable alliance between two of their friends—an English "hearl," who needs a fortune, and an American girl who has The volume is entitled "The Princess Passes," and starts off gayly with the old familiar odor of petroleum and with thrill-ing descriptions of dizzy runs over forbidden mountain passes by right, with chafing dish banquets to cheer the travellers selected for the matrimonial yoke have been despatched upon the same mission-a walking tour in Switzerland-and by the same road, so that they can not possibly avoid meeting each other, "The Lightning Conductor" and his bride dash away on their comfortable car to enjoy themselves after the selfish fashion of the newly wed and leave the Princess in the disguise of the "Boy" and the "hearl," under the plebeian name of the "Man." to endure all manner of hardships on foot in the Swiss mountains and to work out their own romantic salvation under very arduous and embarrassing conditions. The book, like its predecessor, is the joint work of Mr. and Mrs. William-There is as much uphill work in the son. romance as in the route, and the motor is sadly needed to accelerate the action. When it does swoop in on the scene at the finish something of the dash and sparkle that made "The Lightning Conductor" entertaining comes into the story, which, while it is bright and amusing in parts, on the whole is disappointing. The book is published by Henry Holt & Co.

Pam and Caliban.

Henry Esmond was sentimentally affected by both mother and daughter, and so was Charnley Burke in Bettina von Hutton's story of "Pam" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). Pam's whole name was Pamela Yeoland, and we are sorry to say that she had a monkey for an intimate companion. At 15 she was tall and slim, "with a singular grace of shoulders and hips." She was rude, according to the testimony of characters in the book, and we ourselves have found her rather adventurous and reckless in speech. She says to her adoring companion, unpleasantly called Ratty, at page 134: "I'm not womanly. There isn't a womanly hair in my head. I'm a cat, Ratty; I am cold and cruel and hard as-as nails. Oh! go away, or I'll run a hatpin into you!" Ratty was her cousin. She called him, among other things, "a great fat, tubby boy."

We find Pam and Burke quoting literature at one place. Says Burke: shall I talk about, She Who Must Be Obeyed?" Says Pam: "For God's sake! let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings."

She sends Burke about his business at page 265. "I am my own mistress," she tells him. "and shall always do what I like. What I now like is to say good-by to you, and to add that I think you a very ridiculous person, and that I shall never willingly speak another word to you." Burke was an Australian and strong, and he bore it better than another might have

We thought she was going to hit it off with Peele, whom she loved, but there were complications, and she didn't; and at the end of the story we find her going away in the railway train with Caliban, the monkey-Caliban's face pressed closely to her own. That does not strike us as a particularly good tableau for the finish; but the story is sprightly, as we have endeavored briefly to show.

Last Cruise of a Slaver.

We sailed away with considerable interest of a breathless character on the voyage chronicled in Capt. T. Jenkins Hains's story of "The Black Barque" (L. C. Page & Co., Boston). This is the story of a slaver that sailed for the last time in the year 1815. John Heywood, who purports to be the narrator, was shanghaied aboard the Gentle Hand at Havre. He was a young American sailor of considerable experience, had been a man-of- war's man in the war with England, and mate of several merchant vessels, THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT. and we dare say that if he had been a teetotaler he would have regarded with saving suspicion the offer of £30 a month to sail as first officer of the Gentle Hand. The Philharmonic Society's final public As it turned out, we think that he never rehearsal, which took place yesterday collected any pay from the owners of that craft of facetious name.

He entered upon a nap while still in port, and when he awoke out at sea his first experience was a licking administered to him by the captain and the third mate. It is unusual for the first officer to be licked by the third mate, and he presently found out that his real rank aboard was to be that of gunner. As sailors often do in such circumstances, he swallowed his resentment and made the best of the situation.

Heywood speaks repeatedly of his own gentleness and quiet forbearance, but that is irony. We find him licking Bill, the big Norwegian sailor, in the sixth chap ter, thereby establishing himself as cock of the walk in the forecastle. Here, and elsewhere in the story, we remark expressions that seem to us to have been a little in advance of the time. Heywood, who battled in the year 1815, records at page 50 that he "jolted Bill rather roughly upon the point of his iaw." It is recorded further that somebody sang out at that time "The Yank has him going." This does not sound exactly like ninety years ago; neither is it altogether verisimilar where Heywood says, at page 97: "What made you act bughouse and go over the side. Our impression is that listeners would have stared at "bughouse" in the year 1815. At page 133 and thereaboute we find Portuguese and Italians called "guineas" and "dagoes." and we have thought that sailors may have had this usage early, though we strongly suspect that the record has here again advanced

Heywood had no end of strenuous experiences. He thought to cut the ship at the Bahamas. Villains purloined his clothes when he was in swimming, and if and in the Greece of the Dukes of Athens

been painful for another reason than the immodesty of it, for, as he was not long in learning, the little creatures of the air in that climate bite eagerly and with results of woe out of all proportion to their own When he did finally get started in running away, having his clethes on, bloodhounds pursued him and dragged him down; and when he was put in irons, and powerless to defend himself, Watkins, the aged steward of the Gentle Hand, a man of deeply revengeful disposition, whom he had offended, approached him and bit his ear, and offered to do other acts of mayhem, which only the mercy of accident prevented.

Goodness knows that our chronicler needed to be delivered from some of the dangers that beset him; and it does not seem to us unreasonable or unbecoming to be thankful that when a cannon ball ripped up the deck of the Gentle Hand at page 230 a long pine splinter went clean through old Watkins and put an end to

The singularly large and powerful fingers of Henry, one of the officers of the Gentle Hand, are remarked early in the story. At page 156 we find an explanation of this peculiarity. Says Henry to Heywood, after some exhibition of the former's prodigious digital strength: "What d' yer s'pose makes my fingers so big, anyways?" Heywood had no good explanation to offer, but he was a humorist, and he suggested: "Poking them in other people's business." To this, curiously, Henry at once assented. "An" that's a fact." said he: "poking them in other peoon their journey. But when the two victims | ple's business. Man, I was chief garroter in Havana oncet, an' I "as strangled mere men than there is on this ship." We do not know whether Henry was joking or not; we rather hope that he was.

There was a mutiny on the Gentle Hand, and 300 slaves broke out of the hold and set her on fire and scuttled her. She went down to the bottom of the sea, and there were only a few survivors. A story of which we may say in the current phrase and with great truth that there is on every page "something doing." We foresee for it an eager reading by multitudes who love to be powerfully entertained.

A Stirring Tale of Romance and History There is an embarrassing abundance of incident and episode, of romance, adventure and history, in the new novel which Alice MacGowan and Grace MacGowan Cooke have written of the stirring times when Ogilthorpe was Governor in the colony of Georgia and the war was waged for the gateway of Georgia's sea islands. It would seem that the Tower of Babel had fallen in that Southern province, where English debtors, French Huguenots, Jews, Quakers, Highlanders and Lowlanders sought refuge together from persecution and injustice, and a most ungodly tongue some of them spake, according to the chronicles. With them dwelt Indians and half-breeds, for them toiled negroes in bondage, and against them fought the cruel Spaniards and their treacherous Indian allies. It was a picturesque time of powder and patches, of belles in flowered padusoy and petticoats of taffetas, of beaux in laces and brocades.

It was a heroic time-a time when brave and stirring deeds were done by sea and land; a romantic time when lovers were flery in their passions and risked their lives lightly for a fair lady's sake.

The book contains historic documents of value in the story of the Spanish wars and in the descriptions of life in the Southern provinces.

It contains, too, a pathetic human document of appealing interest which will be at once associated with the grave which lies outside the palings of St. Philip's Church in Charlestown, and bears upon its | fall the abolition times and the civil war, headstone the simple inscription, "Agnes of Glasgow." The reason why the line of able. More recent history is marked by sacred ground should be drawn so sharply judgments from the standpoint of the inside the grave of Agnes MacBain, the various 'reforms' in which the Colonel has purest, gentlest, most faithful of loving women, is recorded with tenderness and sympathy.

There is also set against this background of stirring adventure and historical chronicle another version of the "Taming of the Shrew" in the romance of Diana Chatres, spoiled belle and beauty of Charles Town, to whom life and love and motherhood taught the lesson of true womanliness. There is the secondary romance of Diana's faithful friend, Jean Dalkeith's daughter, and the story of the "Silent Lady," Diana's aunt-a new Penelope who waited not in vain for her Ulysses. There are a host of other characters-Whitefield, the preacher. whose orphanage at Bethesda still stands; the Indian Princess Alata, about whose burial mound the little children still play, and Diana's fair haired little son, "Return," brought peace and joy to his estranged

parents. Indeed, so rich in color is this story, crowded with figures, it seems like a bit of old Italian wall painting, a piece of ancient tapestry, rather than a modern fabric woven deftly from threads of fact and fancy gathered up in this new and essentially practical country, and therein lies its disis published by L. C. Page & Co.

Spring Fielion.

A pleasant, readable story in excellent English may be safely expected from Mr. W. E. Norrisevery time. In "Barham of Baltana" (Longmans, Green & Co.) he comes pretty near to farce. The two recalcitrant fathers, singly or together, have been the backbone of the comedy love dramatic episode that sets things right seems to bring back memories too. The two sets of lovers, however, are pleasant. as are nearly all the people in the story. and hardened novel readers will not mind becoming reminiscent at times. Mr. Norris uses the artifice of making his hero an Australian in order to introduce a lot of amusing small talk about imperialism and the colonies, which will appeal more to his English than his American readers.

Whether Sarath Kumar Ghosh be a real Hindu or only a masquerading Westerner. The Verdict of the Gods" (Dodd, Mead \*The Verdict of the Gold (Priental tale of love and adventure. If the ordeals of love and adventure is not were merely son. G. through which the hero is put were merely told as fact the story might be accepted as the product of an Oriental fancy, but as each adventure is accompanied by a materialistic commentary addressed to Western matter of fact minds, and also by a theosophic explanation, the reader may grow sceptical. The story, however, is entertaining and flows easily.

Here is another confusing medley. Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy in "The Dryad" (Harpers) has chosen to mix up for the delectation of his readers the Greek classic mythology with the Middle Ages of ro-mance. So we have knights in armor and ladies in cloth of gold dealing with a belated dryad. It is not always done dexterously, and we feel somehow that Sarah Bernhardt in her later plays is not far off, but the story is pretty in parts and exciting in others, and the author is perfectly safe in putting it in the fourteenth century,

he had persisted in running away he would and Princes of Morea. Anything might have had to run naked. That would have happen there for aught the reader knows. He will only regret that Mr. McCarthy insists on preaching a little at times

It is too bad that Mr. Joseph Altsheler, who has shown that he can write a story with delicate artistic feeling should have been drawn into writing a "political" novel after the prevailing fashion. It is hardly a story—it is even less politics that he gives us in "The Candidate" (Harpers), but fn account of the correspondents who accompany the candidate on his stumping tour. The candidate, though most personal qualities are carefully rubbed out, is pretty clearly Mr. Bryan, with a touch here and there of Mr. Roosevelt. There are some sensational incidents which if we are not mistaken have already done service as magazine stories and are intercalated here with little reason, according to another bad practice that we should have liked to have Mr. Altsbeler avoid. There is plenty of political talk, there is some political atmosphere, and the reader is carried along in a way, but he will wonder where the story comes in when he gets through. The love story introduced is pretty enough, but would have been just as good without the political surround-A carefully written tale that manages

to show the more brutal sides of Russian character in unusual surroundings is Warren Clancy's "The Way of the North" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). The people are the Russian colonists in Alaska under Baranof, but it is description of their life that the author essays and not a historical account of them. The Northland life is bitter, and the sufferings are the same whether the names be Russian, as here, or polyglot, as in other Alaskan tales. The love story is interesting and the barbarous incidents are even more so.

While generous youth, mostly against its will, struggles on the school benches with the complications of arithmetic, the burdensome tables of weights and measures and foreign coinage, it would be improper, we suppose, to betray the fact that grown up men in real business are not troubled with sums of that sort. We never would have bothered with the Connecticut rule and the New York rule for computing interest if we had known that banks kept books of interest tables which do away with the need of doing sums and eliminate the possibility of personal mistakes in figuring. Here we have a volume of 150 pages dealing with the simple problem of turning dollars into pounds and pounds into dollars in "Dollar Exchange Tables Between the United States of America and Great Britain," by E. L. Heavingham (George Routledge and Sons; E. P. Dutton & Co.). The tables are made out for every variation in exchange between four shillings and four shillings twopence for the dollar and between \$4.80 and \$4.90 for the pound, and a table is provided giving values for every sum from one dollar to a hundred, carried to seven places of decimals, and for every variation in the market between the limits set that amounts to one-eighth of a cent or one thirtysecond of a penny. Youth may learn from this that if exchange sums are not complicated they are certainly close.

It would be a blessing if publishers in issuing well known books in a new shape would indicate what are the changes they have made. The "History of the United States" (Harpers) in one volume by Thomas Wentworth Higginson and William Mac-Donald, is so far as we can make out Col. Higginson's excellent and approved "Young Folks' History" that first saw the light a quarter of a century ago, revised and brought up to date. The space needed to bring the reader from Andrew Jackson to Theodore Roosevelt adds fully a fourth in bulk to the volume, and as in these years Col. Higginson's views are especially valubeen interested. The characterization of William McKinley after his death as an "astute politician" is none too charitable.

Another of the made up books to which Miss Esther Singleton attaches her name is published by Dodd. Mead & Co. This time it is "Verice." It consists of a number of process pictures, generally of stereotyped views, with text selected from "great writers." Ruskin, naturally, is the first of these, but the editor shows moderation in limiting herself to eight selections. J. A. Symonds, Horatio F. Brown, with Taine, Gautier and Yriarte supply the greater number of other selections.

Musicians usually have hard luck with their biographers, and "Beethoven" (Dodd, Co.) whom George Alexander Mead & Fischer has written up. is no exception. It is a record of the composer's works, with who gives the title to the story, and who a perfunctory statement of what was happening to Beethoven at the time. The writer seems incapable of seeing the man, and to shun precise statement of hiographical facts. There is no excuse for attaching to the biography an essay on "Wagner's Indebtedness to Beethoven. Whatever the object of Miss Helen Gould's

sporting offer of prizes for the best essays on "The Origin of the Bible Approved tinctive value and excellence. The book by the Boman Catholic Church," and that on the "American Revised Version," it certainly seems as though an excessive price had been paid for the three prize winners which are published with the title "Roman Catholic and Protestant Bibles Compared "(Rible Teachers' Training School, New York), edited by Melancthon Williams Jacobus. D. D. The chief discovery seems to be that the Catholic Scriptures include some books which are regarded as apocaffair since stage plays have existed. The ryphal by Protestants, a fact which might have been ascertained without awarding \$1,000 prizes. The essays are mainly bibliographical: the one that took first prize is marked by a bigotry which fully explains the refusal of Catholics to serve on the committee of award, and justifies Catholics in their general abstention from the com-

Books Received. The First Wardens." William J. Neldag (Macmillans.)
"Two of the Guests." Kate Gertrude Prindiville. (James Pott & Co., New York.)
"Dolly Winter." Joseph Harold. (James Pott & Co.)
"The Pi oneer." Geraldine Bonner. (The Bohba-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)
"The Ravanels." Harris Diekson. (J. B. Lip-"The Rayancis." Harris Dickson. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)
"When Love is King." Margaret Doyle Jackson. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)
"Blennial Report of the Commissioner of Fisheries and Game for indians." Z. T. Sweeney. (William B. Barford, Indianapolis.)
"Tor, a Street Foy of Jerusalem." Florence Morse Kingeley. (Henry Alternus Company. Philadeiphia.)
"My Lady Clancarty." Mary Imlay Taylor. Little. Brown & Company.]
"Brothers." Horace A. Vachell. (Dodd, Mead, & Co.) Brothers. Horace A. Vaenell. (Dodg. Mead. & Co.)

"The Black Motor Car." Harris Burland. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)

"The Freedom of Life." Annie Payson Call. (Little, Brown & Co.)

"How to Attain Success Through the Strength of Vibration." Mrs. L. Dow Belliett. (The Author, Atlantic City. N. J.)

"The Plue Book of Missions. 1906." Henry Otts Dwight, D. L. L. D. (Punk & Wagnalls Company.;

"Prison System of the United States." S. J. Barrows. (Government Printing Office, Washington.)

"Children's Courts in the United States." S. J. Barrows. (Government Printing Office, Washington).

"Reform." Col. Ralph de Clairmont. (Richard Barrows. (Government Frinting Office, washington).

"Reform." Col. Ralph de Clairmont. (Richard G. Badger, Boston.)

"Words for Music." William Wells Newell (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.)

"The Heart of the World." Charles M. Sheldon. Fleming H. Revell Company.)

"The White Peril in the Far East," Sidney Lewis Guilek, D. D. (Fleming H. Revell Company.)

"The United States: a Bistory of Three CenPUBLICATIONS.

An Important Announcement

WE HAVE JUST PUBLISHED the new novel by the THE LAST WORD

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## RETURN

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The heroine of "RETURN," Diana Chaters, is the belle of the Colonial

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subject is a notable achievement.

Undoubtedly the best work yet done by Miss MacGowan and Mrs. Cooke

characters. The authors' firm bold handling of their

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Nxt. wk., The Shadow of Darkness.

MURRAY
HILL.
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The Watch on the Rhine.
Next week, A Hot Old Time. BERKELET LYCEUM Theatre, 46 St., nr. 8 Ave. Evs. 8:30. Mat. FRANK KEENAN in 6 one TO-DAY, 2:30. FRANK KEENAN act Plays

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Wed. Eve., KING RICHARD III., Fri. Eve.
BEAU BRUMMEL, Sat. Mat., THE MERCHANT
BOY VENICE, Sat. Eve., IVAN THE TERHIBLE.

THIRD WEEK-Mon., April 3.

Mon. Eve., DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE; Tues.
Eve. & Sat. Mat., BEAU BRUMMEL; Wed. Eve.,
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MERCHANT OF VENICE; Fri. Eve., A PARISIAN ROMANCE; Sat. Eve., KING RICHARD III.

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